OUR SERIAL.

THE FLOWER ON THE TRAIL.

My heart was weary yesterday.
I said: The day is long;
The busy hum of middle day
Shuts out the morning song;
The rush of myriad hurrying feet
That crowd the upward slope
Have crushed the daisies into dust
And spent the dews of hope.

Then straight within the trampled path
The eager throng had trod
A little purple flower unclosed,
Nor pined for greener sod;
And one whose load had weighted sore
Looked down at it and smiled,
And dreamed of woodland trails he'd loved
To follow when a child.

So, still, when bitterness and fret
Would drown the melody,
Some little harmony steals in
To set the music free;
And we may keep till eventide
The morning joys we knew,
If ever in our hearts there live
The daisies and the dew.
—Sharlot M. Hall, in Youth's Companion.

A Real Daughter of the Revolution

By CAROLINE GEBHARDT.

CHAPTER VII.

A REVELATION.

Once on the road, Bessemer and his men put spurs to their horses and galloped at a lively rate. Scouts had reported that the enemy was resting not far off. Bessemer, riding at the head of his mounted dragoons, the perspiration streaming down his red face, his eyes sparkling with anticipation of victory, his well-knit figure held erect in the saddle with British military stiffness, looked what he was—a combination of force and fire.

A turn in the road brought them in sight of a stream. The troopers gave a shout of triumph, broken by Bessemer's ringing command. In the water were nude men, bathing and swimming and sporting; along its edge, on the opposite side, were others, stripped to their waists, doing their "family" washing; while farther up the bank, under such shade as the sparse cotton-wood trees gave, were yet more, smoking or napping or eating. Most of them had their rifles beside them and their horses close by, but it availed them little.

Their cry of astonishment, chagrin and terror beat the hot air ere that of Bessemer's men died away. The naked wretches in the water were cut down before they could escape. Across the stream with eager haste, yet with perfect order, went the British, carrying all before them. In vain did Sumter start from his nap under one of his baggage-wagons, seize the nearest horse by its mane, saddleless and bridleless as it was, and try to rally his soldiers. The day was lost, and though the English colonel did not capture the "brigand," as he had boasted he would, he failed in little else he set out to do; and, indeed, few save Sumter himself escaped; not enough to warrant pursuit in that appalling heat.

The British returned the way they had come, exulting. Ever thoughtful of his troops, though he was himself most anxious to get back to the Ellery plantation and make that his stopping place for the night, Bessemer perceived that the heat and the sharp, hard ride since dawn had put considerable strain upon his men. Noting a large, comfortable-looking house setting some distance off the road, surrounded by a fine grove of trees, he asked, "Can you tell me, Edward, who lives yonder? Methinks it is a good place for an afternoon rest. Be they rebels or tories, we shall become their uninvited guests, but I should like to learn which they are, that I may know whether to request or command."

"They are tories," the boy answered eagerly, "as loyal to our king as my own family; and they will make you a gladly welcome, I am sure, as my people have." Bessemer perceived that under the summer flush which already covered his cheek there rose a richer wave of crimson.

"Aha, a sweetheart residing there," he thought, and with a sympathetic feeling turned his horse off the road and entered the gate, which stood conveniently open.

The house was not the imposing mansion the Ellery homestead was, but there was a warm southern welcome awaiting the intruders and a piece of news mightily to Bessemer's liking as well. A courier, riding hard to overtake the British commander, had likewise stopped there for rest, and scarce had the English colonel dismounted ere he handed him a dispatch from Cornwallis conveying the news of Gates' defeat.

There were three daughters of the house, all of them vivacious young women, as Bessemer soon discovered. "Oh, how delightful," they exclaimed, when the contents of the dispatch became known; "two great victories in one day; think of it!"

"Not in one day, ladies," Bessemer reminded them. "Gen. Cornwallis won his on the sixteenth."

"It does not matter; we hear of them the same day," the youngest persisted. "We assuredly should do something to celebrate so great a piece of fortune. If we could only have a dance," she added, with a suggestive look in the direction of her mother. "Mamma, why can't we induce Col. Bessemer and his officers to remain here for the night, and let us move the furniture from the big west room and have a dance there? Meanwhile, we could scour the neighborhood for girls. Edward, do you not think Jane would come?"

"Nay, I have a better plan," the lieutenant answered. "My mother made Col. Bessemer and myself promise ere we left that, if we routed Sumter in time, we should return home and spend the night there. They will be expecting us, and my father will be most grievously disappointed if we do not come; but why not have a dance on our lawn, as we did the summer before I went to England? Remember you, Peggy, what fun we had?"

"Fun? Oh, it was delicious," she answered, clasping her hands in ecstasy.

The plan pleased Bessemer better than the first proposed, and so it was arranged. He encamped his little army and most of his prisoners in one of the Ellery fields that evening. One of the prisoners he considered too valuable a capture to risk thus, and he besought Mrs. Ellery for a special room for him. As a prisoner, he was second only to Sumter himself.

"Now, dear madam," he said to his hostess, when these arrangements had been completed, "you must let me take the burden of our frolic to-night off your hands. I want this to be my festivity, given in honor of your neighboring Tory friends. 'Tis sufficient that you grant us the privilege of using your beautiful grounds, and I shall see to it that their loveliness is not marred."

Mrs. Ellery made a feint of reluctant concession to this, but in truth she was not sorry to wash her hands of all but the indoor preparations. She and Jane immediately set about seeing to the making of cakes, salads, and various confections to serve as refreshments.

Dressed in the freshest of the evening gowns left from her last visit to Charleston, Miss Ellery made a stately and handsome figure that

MISS ELLERY MADE A STATELY AND HANDSOME FIGURE AS HER MAMMY GAVE THE LAST TOUCHES TO HER COSTUME.

evening as her mammy tucked a high, jewelled comb into her complicated coiffure and gave the last pats and touches to her costume.

Carriages began to roll up the avenue, and Jane descended the stairs that she might assist her stepmother and Col. Bessemer in receiving their guests.

None of Bessemer's enemies, and he had not few, could deny to him the qualities of taste and energy. The combination of these with that fine executive ability which enabled him always to get full service out of those under him had insured the success of his dance. The scene was beautiful. Among the trees strolled many pairs of lovers. Upon the rustic benches sat the chaperons and elderly guests, while the tarpaulin was gay with dancers moving in the stately measures of the minuet or revelling in the sprightlier movements of livelier dances.

There were beautiful women in plenty; southern women with bright eyes, animated faces and rich voices, dressed in the beautiful costumes of the day, the low-cut bodices, the flowing skirts, the hair waving over ears and caught by high, jewelled combs at the back, the pointed-toed slippers with flashing buckles, the flirtatious fans and cobwebbed handkerchiefs.

And as for the men, they were as gallant a lot as one would wish to see; the British officers smothered in red coats and gold lace; the civilians in knee-breeches, ruffled shirts and silk-lined coats.

Well pleased, Bessemer moved among his guests, dropping a pleasant word here, a merry jest there, but never quite losing sight of the younger hostess. He was aware that beneath the smiling graciousness with which she was assisting him there lurked a certain constraint, and he could well guess the cause.

One lady, rather exceeding the age when it was fashionable to be found still unmarried in those days, tapped the colonel on the arm with her fan as he was passing the bench where she sat.

"Tell me, dear colonel, how many prisoners did you take to-day? A marvelous number, from all I hear, and they do say you have a most mysterious one whom you have hid in Mrs. Ellery's garret. Nay, they go farther and state that it is Jane's lover, Godfrey Worthington. Poor Jane! It would go hard with her if ill were to befall Godfrey; they have been devoted to each other for so many years, though they do say her stepmother will not hear to the match. Tell me"—she dropped her voice to a confidential whisper—"is it really he you have?"

"Madam," Bessemer answered, gathering himself together, "I know naught of this Worthington of whom you speak, but I should say that the gentleman whom I hold as prisoner were more suited to be Miss Ellery's father than her lover, since he is a man fully 60 years of age, white-headed and gray-bearded. His name is Pierce."

"Pierce? Gen. Pierce? That horrid old rebel? Oh, how delightful that you have caught him. He is the very one who hung the tories this summer."

"The very one, madam, and he shall pay for it."

He left her with a courteous bow, but his heart was not as light as when she had accosted him. What was this silly woman's chatter about a lover of Jane's? A Godfrey Worthington, forsooth? Of course, there was nothing in it; and yet he must be sure.

CHAPTER VIII.

AS THE DANCE WENT ON.

He drew aside pretty Peggy Winston, who was the occasion of the dance. "Do you know aught," he asked, "of a person by the name of Godfrey Worthington?"

"Godfrey Worthington? Oh, yes, I have known him all my life. Why, he and Jane are sweethearts. Have been for years, though they do say her mother does not approve the match, and was most glad when he espoused the rebel cause that she might have excuse for forbidding his coming here. Did you not know that you nearly captured him once? It was last May, when you stopped at Jane's for breakfast. He was coming to see her then, knowing, I suppose, that her father and mother were from home and thinking it a good opportunity to press his suit. He was almost up to the house before he discovered your soldiers."

Bessemer's brow grew black. So this was the young brave who had given him such a turn that fine spring morning?

"'Twas just like Godfrey," the girlish voice went on. "He is ever doing daring things. It is for that Jane loves him most, I think; though he is handsome too—oh, so handsome! I have heard it whispered often that Jane is no less a rebel at heart than he, but that she keeps it concealed to maintain peace with her stepmother and Edward."

"In truth, dear lady," Bessemer answered, "methinks report doth most grossly wrong Mistress Jane. None, I am sure, could be more loyal than she." But he tore himself away with some troublous thoughts running through his brain.

He sought an early opportunity to secure Jane by himself. "Come, sweet mistress," he said, "and take a stroll with me. I long to see if I cannot frighten away that pensive look upon your lovely face. What solemn thoughts have been playing havoc with your gayety to-night?"

Jane looked at him in some surprise. "Have I not been gay?" she asked. "I thought I had. I know of no excuse for solmen musings unless, indeed, it be the solemnity of contrasts, and, in truth, I could not but think, as I watched this beautiful scene which you have conjured for us to-night, what a medley our life now is. This afternoon, from my chamber window, I saw you take past our house the prisoners you had captured. Such sad, weary-faced men they were, many of them sorely wounded and scarce able to walk. My heart bled for them; yet here to-night we are in the midst of music and dancing, and they within earshot of it all. How cruel, how heartless it must seem to them."

"Methinks, madam," Bessemer answered, with a sneer born of his accumulated irritation, though policy warned him of the unwisdom of showing it, "methinks you show most wondrous solicitude for these rebels; and what think you I have heard to-night? That you are one at heart."

A merry look spread over Jane's face. If she could but keep him fencing with her upon the subject of tory or rebel, she might prevent him from broaching the other subject she dreaded, for she was not yet prepared to say whether or not she would marry him.

"And so you have found me out?" she cried in mock dismay. "Ah, colonel, what punishment will you mete to me? Am I to be carried a captive on one of your prison ships now lying in Charleston harbor? They say they are most unpleasant places to reside in. Or am I to be hung, or what?"

Bessemer looked down at her, the gravity of his face softening before the sparkle in her eyes. "I do not know," he said, "what punishment could be great enough to mete out to one who withdraws so precious an ally from the king's cause; however, with your permission, fair lady, we will leave that most serious question for future consideration. Tell me rather what you think of the success of my plan for keeping in good humor tory friends? Think you not this entertainment will make the ladies wish the harder that we might remain victors instead of those unmannerly rebels and inspire our sympathizers among your neighbors with renewed ardor? Come, sweet enemy, give me your opinion."

"I doubt not you are right, colonel," she answered saucily. "Methinks I have heard that it did indeed tax the fertile brain of your general and yourself to hatch schemes for keeping in line your tory allies; but my Aunt Susannah says such is ever the handicap of a bad cause. The enthusiasm of its followers, lacking the fuel of righteousness, soon smoulders and must be constantly rekindled; while a good cause—well, she would remind you that the American patriots do not need a dance to inspire them."

"A neat speech, my beautiful rebel," he observed; "but is this all the reward I am to receive when I had far more in mind the hope of giving you enjoyment than of entertaining your tory neighbors? Nay, do not turn away. Hear me out. This morning when I rode from your door my pulses throbbed with hope; but to-night something in your manner thwarts me. What has reared this barrier between us? Have you spent those few short hours in making of your heart a fortress? And, if so, what weapons can I use that will batter down its walls? Will patience and persistence do the work? Then, indeed, will I never despair."

"We all know," Jane observed, "that Col. Bessemer adds to his reputation as a gallant soldier that of an adroit strategist. I see he would fain betray the heart's owner into a confession of the strength or weakness of its forces; but methinks it would be wiser for the besieged to permit the assailant to determine for himself what weapons to use."

"Ah," said Bessemer, half bitterly, half questioningly, "if I could only be sure a certain rebel were not harbored within the walls of that heart, I might be more encouraged to make the attack."

"And is a loyal soldier of his majesty the king to be daunted by a rebel?" Jane asked. "Fie! I would not have thought it."

The Englishman's face darkened. "No, on my soul, is he not," he cried, "nor by ten thousand rebels. I accept your challenge, madam. The time is not far distant when I hope to prove myself a match for that rebel. Meanwhile, it behooves me to select one of yonder forest's stout trees for stringing up another rebel now in my keeping. By daybreak, I trust, we shall be rid of him and leave his dangling body as a warning to others of his ilk."

The brightness died out of the girl's face. "You cannot mean that you will hang that poor old gentleman who is now a captive in our garret! I saw him when they brought him to the house this afternoon, and I thought his face most sweet and noble, while I have ever heard him spoken of as brave."

"Aye, brave enough; but 'poor old gentleman' scarce fits so bloody-handed a wretch. I have not forgot that three of our allies were strung up by his command four weeks ago, and, by my faith, their death shall be avenged."

"But they were marauders, who plundered dwellings and murdered women and children. At least, so I have heard. It will not bring back their lives to take another life, and surely it were better to be merciful and teach these despised rebels the justice and moderation of their opponents than to set them an example of cruelty and vengefulness."

[To Be Continued.]

SHIRTS GROW ON TREES.

What an Old Sailor Said Could Be Found on South Sea Islands.

"Shirts grow on trees where I came from," said the old sailor, according to the Philadelphia Record.

"How so, shipmut?" a pale clerk asked.

The sailor emptied his glass and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "I'm a-speakin'," he said, "of the South seas. You know them islands over there?"

"Sure," said the clerk.

"Well, that's where I mean that shirts grow on trees. There's a kind of a willow tree on them islands with a soft, flexible bark. A native selects a tree with a trunk that's just a little bigger round than what he is. He makes a ring with his knife around the trunk through the bark, and he makes another ring four foot below. Then, with a slit of the knife, he draws the bark off, the same as a boy does in makin' a willow whistle, and he's got a fine, durable shirt. All he needs to do is to dry it out, make two holes for the arms, and put a lacin' in the back to draw it together.

"In the spring of the year the shirts are gathered. Men and women both go out at that time to look for trees that fit them. These bark shirts are treated so as to be soft and flexible. They don't look bad. Gosh hanged if they look bad at all, for shirts that grow on trees."

Motto Worth Adopting.

Admiral Sir John Fisher, who replied for the British navy to a toast at a recent Royal Academy banquet, said in the course of his speech: "I always think on these occasions of the first time I went to sea on board my first ship, a little sailing two-decker, and I saw inscribed in great big gold letters the one wor 'Silence.' Underneath was another good motto, 'Deeds, not words.' I have put that into every ship I have commanded since. This leads me to another motto, which is better still. When I was commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean I went to inspect a small destroyer, only 260 tons, but with such pride and swagger that she might have been 16,000 tons. The lieutenant in command took me round. She was in beautiful order and I came aft to the wheel and saw there 'Ut Veniant Omnes.' 'Hallo,' I said, 'what the deuce is that?' Saluting me, he said, 'Let 'em all come.' That was not boasting, that was the sense of conscious efficiency—the sense that permeates the whole fleet—and I used to think, as the admiral, it would be irresistible, provided the admiral was up to the mark."